

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXIV. }

AUGUST, 1873.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. II. No. 8.



MAKING THE BOUQUET.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 100.)

CHAPTER X. — *The Operation.*



HE Sunday had come. Before the sun rose Magdalene was up. From expectation and thoughtful care she had hardly slept during the night. She persuaded her mother, however, to remain in bed, and

then in the greatest haste she began to sweep and dust the rooms. She dressed herself carefully, and as tastefully as she could. She longed to dress her brother better than usual too, but the doctor had forbidden that any thing should be done that might possibly excite the little fellow, or make him think in any way of the trial before him. Therefore they scarcely spoke to him, but exchanged all their thoughts and anxieties by winks and looks. Only, at the morning prayer, their mother said, in a voice that she could scarcely keep from trembling, "Pray in silence, my son, that the good God will grant you his special mercy to-day, and restore you your sight;" and then she hastened to conceal her emotion, and to cast all her care on Him who ever waits to comfort and bless. And, as the early church bells sounded sweetly through the open window, Magdalene's pious thoughts arose also in behalf of her brother. Then she hastened to gather a bouquet of fresh wild flowers for the table.

At nine o'clock exactly, the surgeon arrived; but he made no excitement in the little family. For a full quarter of an hour he talked to them of various walks, and plans

for short excursions, before he approached the object of his expected visit. Then he said: "Well, my good friends, I cannot tell whether I can make the operation to-day that I promised; but I'll try, and see if my little man can hold still. Now, my little one, let us see. Hold yourself entirely still." He led Raphael close up to the window, and told him to open his eyes.

"There, does that hurt?" he said, feeling gently with an instrument on the eye.

"Oh, no!" said Raphael, winking.

"Well, that I could have imagined," he said. "Now, hold still a minute, and don't wink."

Suddenly Raphael gave a short cry: "Ah! Oh! Ha!"

The mother and daughter sprang towards him, fearing that the surgeon had, perhaps, let the instrument slip and hurt him. But, no: for there he stood, quiet and composed, and was just placing a tiny cushion before his patient's eye.

"Why did you scream? Did I hurt you?" he said.

"Oh!" said Raphael, "it didn't exactly hurt me. But it was like—like"—He seemed to be seeking for a word to express his meaning.

"I think I can guess what it was like. If you had ever seen the lightning, you would compare what you felt to that. You would say, 'It was as if I had seen a flash of lightning.'"

"Yes," answered Raphael, "I wanted to say that; for I remember, when I was a very little child, how I started with fear at a flash of lightning, and it *was* like that."

"I am glad to hear it," said the surgeon; "for I know now to a certainty that the operation will succeed. Now, let me see if the other eye is as good."

In a quarter of a minute Raphael called out: "Oh, I see something! a hand with

a finger, — a whole arm, — a head! Oh!" Indescribable was the impression made by these few words upon the mother and sister. With a cry of rapture and surprise they both sprang towards him. "God be praised!" they exclaimed as with one voice; but the surgeon motioned them back.

"Just a moment's more patience," he said, and covered both of his little patient's eyes. After a little while he uncovered them, and allowed him to look up. The first object that he saw was his mother, who stood waiting with outstretched arms to receive him.

"My son! my son!" she cried; "my newly found boy!"

"Is that you, little mother?" cried Raphael; "now I know how you really look." And, sinking into her arms, his lips found hers for the first time in years without feeling for them.

"Raphael! Raphael!" said Magdalene, "you give me no look. Oh, let me see your new eyes!"

He turned instantly, and his eyes rested with rapture on his beautiful sister.

"Now, that's enough, that's enough," said the surgeon; "we must not strain the new eyes for a few days. You must even consent to be blind again." With these words he was about to place a bandage over his eyes, but Raphael cried out: —

"Oh, one look, one look more!" and he gazed slowly round the room. "How beautiful every thing looks, — so much more beautiful than I thought! The violets, how blue they are, and how lovely the sky must be if it's all blue like them!" He was about to look out of the window, when the surgeon placed the bandage over his eyes.

"If my little fellow wants to really learn to see, he must begin gradually, he must begin in a darkened room;" and then turning to Mrs. Tuba, he said, "hang something

dark before all the windows, and every day let in a little more light, till his eyes get accustomed by degrees to the strong daylight. If you fail in this, his eyes will be hopelessly lost."

Mrs. Tuba promised faithfully; and amid many heartfelt thanks from the happy family, and with his own heart filled with joy at his success and the happiness he had caused, the good surgeon left the house.

CHAPTER XI. — *The Evening Walk.*

A NEW world now opened before Raphael. But, at first, he could not understand or conceive of distance; or that some objects were far from him, and others close by. He reached out for the violets on the table, and wondered that he could not touch them, although they were yards away. And the day that the hangings were taken down entirely from the windows, he called out, "Oh, where are the panes gone? Nothing but the sashes are left." And he would have put his head through if his mother had not arrived in time to save him. They had to answer a thousand questions.

Their mother was able to walk easily now; and one day, *after* sundown, — for Raphael could not bear the strong sunlight yet, — she went with both the children to walk. She took the path up the Castle Hill; but the progress was most remarkably slow, for at every step he stopped and asked some question or explanation. The smoke rising from the chimneys, the boiling springs, the trees, with their slender, many-formed leaves, even the smallest bug or plant or stone, filled him with astonishment and delight.

"O mother!" he cried, "what is that spot burning so brightly up there?" And he pointed to the evening star, which began to glow amid the fading tints of the sunset.

"That is a star," answered his mother, "called Venus; and because we see it the first of all the stars in the evening, and last among them in the morning, we call it sometimes the evening and sometimes the morning star."

"Look!" said Magdalene, smiling to herself; "look! a great balloon is just going up."

Raphael turned quickly, and looked in the direction in which Magdalene pointed. There arose slowly and majestically a great fiery ball over the distant mountains.

He stood speechless.

"Oh, who has arranged this sight? It must cost so much money; and yet the people don't seem to notice it, they go so quietly on their ways."

"They notice it, indeed," said his mother; "but they are accustomed to this spectacle, for it happens evening after evening."

"Evening after evening!" said Raphael. "In my whole life I should never be tired of looking at such a wonderful sight. What a good emperor, to prepare such a joy for his subjects! It is the emperor who does it, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, my son: it is indeed a mighty emperor who prepares this joy for us. It is God, who is emperor over all emperors. What you see rising before you is—the moon."

Magdalene laughed heartily that she had misled her brother; but he shook his head, and said:—

"Oh, no, I cannot believe it; for often, when I was blind, and went to walk with you, you have said 'the moon is rising,' in as indifferent a tone as if it were only a candle just lighted; and now I cannot believe that this glorious, wonderful ball is the moon you spoke so lightly about."

"He is right," said their mother; "we do not appreciate enough the great and free

joys which God spreads daily and hourly before our eyes. We forget their glory and wonder because we see them every day."

While they were talking, the evening had advanced. "Look up, my son! see the numberless host of stars, the Milky Way with its million worlds!"

Raphael looked up. He clasped his hands, and gazed, and gazed, till he could do so no longer, on account of the tears of joy and devotion. Magdalene and her mother rejoiced to see his delight and reverence. Then they wandered towards home, but they were obliged to lead him most of the way, for he kept his eyes lifted up to the heavens; and, as he went to bed, he looked out of the window, to take a last look at the moon, which was now high in the heavens, and shedding a soft beauty over the enchanting scene before him.

"Now," he said, "I understand for the first time what it means, when I read these words: 'Lord, shed the light of thy countenance upon us, and be gracious unto us.' Amen."

DORA'S DREAM.

[The story of "Dora's Dream" was related by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester, to his Sunday school. The superintendent, William T. Adams, gave it its verse form.]

GENTLE DORA loved the flowers,
And she dreamed of them one day;
For she lived in some far region
Where they blossom not in May.
And she thought that she was standing
In a fair and pleasant dale,
Where the buds of early spring-time
Gave their sweetness to the gale.

Then she gathered buds and flowers
Till her apron was quite filled;
And then came her friend, Jane Burton;
But her heart so selfish thrilled,

That she said, "These flowers are mine, Jane,
And you must not touch e'en one."
For she wished to keep the flowers,
And to give her playmate none.

But no sooner had she spoken,
Than the flowers turned to weeds;
And a fairy, good and gentle,
To the maiden quickly speeds.

"From your state of mind, dear Dora,
Have these flowers sprung," said she.

"You were good and kind at first, child,
And so heaps of flowers did see.

"But as soon as you grew stingy,
And were envious of your friend,
Changed to weeds the beauteous flowers,
And your joy came to an end."

There is beauty all around us,
Both in nature and in art,
Which we all can see, and have, too,
If but pure we keep the heart.

If our "state of mind" is holy,
And our hearts are filled with love,
Then our friends will seem more gentle,
And this earth like heaven above.

If our "state of mind" is selfish,
Then to misery it leads;

And earth's scenes, which might be pleasant,
Are all changed to wastes of weeds.

For The Dayspring.

WHICH WAS THE BETTER?

ONE August day little Gussie Somers was coming home from school, and, if the truth must be told, was a little cross. You see he had missed the word "Crimson" in his spelling lesson, and little "ragged Irish Pat Shiverick" had gone above him; and only that recess he had told him he was a ragged dunce, and had laughed lustily when big Bill Thompson had called him a "Dirt Bud." Beside, his class laughed right out, and his teacher almost smiled, because he had begun it with a *K* and put a *c* for the *s*. He didn't mean to miss in his lessons and didn't very often, and he thought he could

bear it quite patiently if the "Dirt Bud" hadn't been the one to go above him: so he went along snapping a hazel stick and switching off the heads of the clover and smoke-grass, which were cheerfully growing in his path, till he had gone across the wide green fields through a short grove, and was following a path just wide enough for one to walk in, and no more.

On each side thick stunted thorn-bushes grew, and to pass through, under, or over them, was almost impossible for a boy like Gussie Somers.

Well, on he came, scowling crossly, till lo! a great fat white pig came grunting along.

Gussie stopped; so did the pig. He looked at the pig and pouted crossly; the pig looked at him and grunted good-naturedly. His little black eyes twinkled cunningly, and Gussie's snapped crossly.

The pig was so broad and fat he nearly filled up the path, and Gussie felt afraid to try to squeeze by him; so he did what a great many older people do under similar circumstances, — he began to beat and scold him.

The pig had only advanced a few feet into the path, while Gussie had travelled nearly the whole length; and he was much too cross to think of going back half that distance, to give an old fat porker room to turn around in, so he began to strike him with the hazel switch.

Piggy looked at him good-naturedly, but didn't seem to understand it.

"Go 'long back you great fat thing. Don't you know I want to get home to my supper? I missed in my spelling lesson and I'm hungry. Whatever in the world did you get in this narrow place for? I don't see what you want to be roaming 'round out o' your sty for. Golly! I wish this was Pat Shiverick you'd met just here, and you'd sit on him and *chaw him up* till he's so crimson he can't spell it right. Shoo! Shoo!" but all in vain.

There stood Piggy looking at him stupidly, and understanding not a word, but winking his oval eyes, as much as to say, "Well, you're a funny chap to stand there and yell at me, when you must know it takes about three times the room for me to turn around in that it does for you; and, if you will only have sense enough to go back a little way, you'll find a broken place in the thorn-hedge where you can step in, and I can go on my way rejoicing."

But Gussie didn't know what the pig was wanting to tell him, and was too cross to try to oblige any one, much less a fat pig with a patch of sty mud sticking to his lazy sides; so he gave him quite a severe cut on the sides, and then the pig tried to make him know what was best for both, and gave his legs a smart push with his snout, and down went Gussie on his back. He was frightened, and the pig looked sorry, but as Gussie rose and brushed his pants, the pig seemed to take a different view of the affair; for he rubbed his head on the boy's legs, and then grunted affectionately two or three times, and laid slowly down on his side and doubled himself up as much as he could, and looked knowingly up at Gussie. That act scattered all of his ill-humor, and he took the hint immediately; and, putting one foot on the lazy-looking back of his prostrate enemy, leaped gaily over to the other side, and then clucked to the pig that all was clear for him: so Master Pig lazily rose and went on grunting contentedly.

"There, what do you think of that for politeness?" sang out Farmer Grey, who had been standing on the other side of the hedge, and had seen the whole, although Gussie had not seen him.

"Well, well; when one of my old porkers outdoes a boy in politeness, I think 'tis time he had pay for it, and I shall give him an extra quart of corn to-night for that act

of politeness. Ha! ha! that's pretty good for a pig that never has had much time to read up the fashion rules;" and with another hearty laugh the amused farmer went on.

Now my little reader, which do you think was the better way? to get mad and vent the spite upon the one that was not at all to blame for the misspelled word or the thorn-hedge, or to take it all good-naturedly and settle the matter at once by concluding to inconvenience yourself a little just as the despised old porker did?

If I must give my opinion, I shall say the pig showed the more politeness, and was the better of the two. Do you agree with me?

C. D. NICKERSON.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

[From the German of Paul Gerok, translated by James Freeman Clarke; in "Harper's Magazine" for August.]

The bells of the churches are ringing, —

Papa and mamma have both gone, —
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better,
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children! your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on! for the proudest orations,
 The liturgies sacred and long,
 The anthems and worship of nations,
 Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on! our devotion is colder,
 Though wisely our prayers may be planned;
 For often we too, who are older,
 Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on! our harmonic inventions
 We study with labor and pain;
 Yet often our angry contentions
 Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on! all our struggle and battle,
 Our cry, when most deep and sincere, —
 What are they? A child's simple prattle,
 A breath in the Infinite Ear.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XIII. *

HADLEY, December, 1868.

DEAR LOU, — Ping Wing is found! Biddy was right. She was rolled up, and went a journey. Mr. Place took her without knowing it. I'll tell you all about it. My pen dances! Last night, towards dark, in ran Mr. Place, his hair not smooth. He was out of breath, but said, "I'm sorry." Mother thought Ned worse, and asked him to sit down.

He tore off the paper, and held up Ping Wing, — her gown creased, her hair out of curl, a shocking doll. She was found in the merino he took for mother to the Boston dye-house. Mother remembers the bundle seemed big; but she was in a hurry, and never could do up a bundle like grandma. I shall hide Ping Wing the next time a bundle is done up. It rained the day after; but I was too busy to care, pinning her hair in papers, and ironing her gown.

She is pleasanter and brighter than ever
 Mother says going away makes one value

home. But Ping Wing chooses to tell her adventures her own way to Slater, who is too sick a doll for me, and does not try to be well. Biddy was very pretty to guess about my child.

Mother says I'm not to worry how I shall write in Tom's Round Robin, but just think what pleasure it will give him, poor boy! — eating salt beef, and knocked up every night. Lyddy Ashby always was as selfish as a bear.

I'm working father a mat for his shaving-mug, and mother a tea-kettle holder. I wish Ned's stocking to be as stuffed as baby's. I shall send a gift to Biddy. Here's my answer to her note : —

HADLEY, December, 1868.

MADGE thanks Biddy for being sorry and for guessing. She will be glad to see Biddy next summer. Love to baby. M. H.

And here's my note to baby: —]

DEAR LITTLE COUSIN, — Don't walk too much, or you'll be bow-legged. I do not need a Jim Crow, for *Ping Wing* is found. Don't drive Biddy too fast. Don't laugh at her when she has the toothache. Biddy may be prettier than "Prince Injun," but not than Lou. Only a giant's stocking could hold a sled. Candy spoils teeth, stomach, temper. Is "Madge" one of your words? Bye, Baby Buntin'. Your cousin,

MADGE.

PING WING TO SLATER.

HADLEY! where I'm glad to be; for, dull as it is, it is better than being jounced in the cars, hearing strange noises, seeing strange sights. The boys laughed at me, and shook me at the dye-house. It was a queer shop. The shelves were covered with thousands of paper parcels and bundles. Women opened the bundles, and said their cloth was not dyed the right color; but the boys were too busy to care that the women went away with cross faces. Mr. Place's brother, who was

one of the clerks, carried me home to his dark court, where there's no sun, and no fading to carpets.

I thought the city was on fire, or a mob going to blow it up. But Mr. Place's brother stopped to look in a toyshop window. Slater, such dazzling dolls! They must indeed be meant for palaces. Ned's eyes would be put out looking at them. But there were no dolls in that dark house, and no children.

I thought the houses must be empty, and every one on the sidewalk, for the many red-faced children and blue old men and women selling nuts and candy, and shaking balloons in your face. I wondered how the man could sing "Yankee-Doodle," with boots slung on his arm, too worn out to be bought. Old women poked round in coal ashes for bits of paper.

But the rich folks I hated the most; for they walk off like queens of England, and pushed me and Mr. Place's brother into the gutter. I've come back changed; mean to be more obedient to Mother Madge, and more pitiful to you. I've thought, just for variety, you might manage to be well once a week; but being lost makes me softer-hearted. I'm going to put up with your being sick.

I've changed my mind, too, about Biddy. She's not a spy, as she guessed I was rolled up. I think she's weak letting baby twitch her hair; but that's her own concern. I believe we must allow our friends to be weak; they can't all have our strong heads.

But, Slater, I shouldn't wonder if you and I turned into Rip Van Winkles, Hadley and Tops'ham are so rural; but there are worse fates than to sleep.

PING WING.

MADGE TO LOU.

DEAR LOU, — Isn't Ping Wing pleasant? I'm happy as a lark; and I heard the girls

say, "It's nice to hear Madge sing again." I don't want any more events. Events are not pleasant. Mother says countries are happier that don't have histories; and children, too. That is, histories of trouble and doom; for she says we are always living a little history in our minds, and a history that will live when worlds and objects are rolled up in a scroll.

A "bushel-woman," Lou, helps tailors mend old clothes. I'm not going to be one, for am I not a butterfly and a bird? — that is, shall I not be next summer, with the blossoms and the greenery?

Your joyful

MADGE.

THE LITTLE LANTERN.

A VERY young child may be useful. A small lantern, well lighted, is of much service; while a very large lantern, without any light in it, is of no use. And who knows how many the light from a child's lantern will reach and benefit? Do not be dark lanterns, or such as give no light; but, as you pass along through life, show that you love the truth, and that you seek by God's grace to walk as you are taught in his holy word. Show it by a cheerful, loving, honest walk. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven."

Children's Friend.

ALFRED'S GENEROSITY.

"HERE, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, mamma?"

"Give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, sis, you divide it, yourself."



DEVOTION.

MAKING THE BOUQUET.

PLEASE look at the picture and see if you can tell me what those little girls are doing.

"Oh, yes; one of them is making a bouquet, and the rest are watching her."

But why do they watch her so closely?

"Because she makes it look so pretty."

No; that is not the reason, though she is making it look as pretty as she can.

These girls went into the woods to have a good time, playing and picking flowers. Alice Smith was going with them. But Alice slipped off her steps the day before, and sprained her ankle badly. She could not walk at all for some days, and so could not go with her friends.

Now, look, and tell me which girl it was said, "Let us make a bouquet, and carry it to Alice."

"It was the one that is looking over the shoulder of the girl that is making the bouquet."

You have guessed right the first time. Her name is Minnie Williams.

Three of the girls said, right off, "Oh, yes; it will be so nice!"

Then Flora Tripp, the girl who sits in front, said, "Martha Bowers

must make it, because she can do it best."

"Yes," said Carrie Ellis, "and we will give her the prettiest of our flowers to put in it."

Try to tell which one it was would not give any of her flowers.

"The little girl who stands alone hugging up her bunch of flowers."

Right again. I shall not tell you her name. I hope she will see this picture, and learn how unhappy she looked when she was so selfish, and how happy and pleasant the other girls looked, doing their kindly deed. Maybe she will be sorry that she was so stingy, and try to be more free and loving.

The bouquet was made by Martha's skilful fingers, each of the four girls giving their choicest flowers.

On their way home these girls called on Alice, and left the bouquet. Alice had almost cried that afternoon, because she could not go with them. You can judge how happy she was made by the beautiful flowers, and by the kindness of her friends.

The selfish girl carried her bunch of flowers home. But I do not think they looked at all pretty to her. Flowers never show their best to selfish girls.

The other girls went home with little bunches of their poorest flowers. But their happy hearts made them

see the flowers in a most beautiful light; so their flowers seemed the prettiest and sweetest that ever grew.

For The Dayspring.

THE POOR LITTLE TOAD.

A TOAD in the garden! Don't step on him, pray!
So bravely he tries to hop out of the way.
He only came out for a moment or two,
To wink at the sunshine and drink up the dew.

When the sun gets too hot, he will hop into bed,
And cover himself up, — yes, all but his head;
And there he lies, blinking and winking his eyes,
Until the bright sunshine has gone from the skies.

After dark he again will come hopping out,
To snap up the flies that are buzzing about;
He travels by night-time, as well as by day,
And one must look sharp to keep out of his way.

The toad, I must tell you, is quite a nice pet:
You do him a kindness, — he'll not soon forget;
He never revenges a wrong or abuse, —
A poor, harmless creature, of very great use.

He's never uncivil or awkward or rude,
But only comes out in the night-time for food;
For every kind act he would make you a bow,
And say, "Thank you, dears!" if he only knew how.

Although he will frequently get in your way,
Because he can't see very well in the day,
He sleeps all the winter, down under the ground,
And comes out in the spring with a leap and a bound.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

AN Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

TRY every day to do some act of kindness.

AN AFRICAN BRIDE.

BY M. O. J.

UNOZINDHOW! A hard name, is it not? But it was the name of a young girl in Africa, and what I am going to tell you about her is true.

One autumn morning, a missionary's family heard a loud singing and shouting, and were told that a prominent man, whose "kraal" was in sight of their house, was going to take a new wife; he already had several. He was an old man; the girl was very young; there was to be a feast and a dance; and there was a great bustle of preparation.

How do you suppose the guests were attired? The men, for holiday dress, wear the skin of a goat, or some wild animal. The girls usually have a piece of blue cloth, which is wrapped around them like a skirt. Strings of beads are their ornaments.

On looking out, the missionary's wife saw a number of men driving four or five cows. What part could these have in the intended marriage? Simply this, they were the price of the bride. The old man, Usokusanduka, had *bought* the girl of her father, for these cows! Such was the custom in that country. It was sorely against her will, too, that she was sold to that old man; she had not even a friendly liking, not even respect, for him. But she was not allowed any voice in the matter.

She walked in front of the cows. She wore a skirt of cow's skin, to indicate that she was to be no longer a girl, but an "Um-fazi" woman, — a wife. Her bridal dress was a buckskin apron ornamented with brass buttons, tied under her arms, and reaching to her knees. Strings of beads were fastened around her arms, ankles, and forehead. Her hair was all shaved off, except a tuft on the crown of her head, which was filled with

an unctuous red clay, — another badge of wifehood. A blanket, two pieces of cloth, and two mats, made her wedding outfit.

As she passed, the native girls, who lived as servants with the missionary lady, looked very sad, and said, —

“That would have been our lot, if the missionaries had not come here.”

The lady asked if they knew the girl, and was much surprised when they mentioned her name, because Unozindhow had run away when first promised by her father to Usokusanduka, and had come to the missionaries for protection.

They had received, and sheltered her; and she remained in their house for some time. After a while, on the promise of her relatives that if she would return to them, she should not be obliged to marry him, she went. But Usokusanduka had sent the cows; and he demanded either them or the girl! Her father was unwilling to lose the cows; they were of far greater value in his estimation than a daughter; “and she was *whipped*,” said the girls, “and *driven away* to the man she despised!”

On hearing this, the missionary mounted his horse, and rode to the “kraal,” to ascertain whether the girl was really there against her will, and to offer her protection. On inquiring of the people, they denied the whole charge, and told him to ask Unozindhow; she, when questioned, would not own that she had been whipped, or troubled in any way.

“I know you have, and are afraid to own it,” said the missionary, decidedly; but could get no admission on her part of any thing of the kind.

“Very well,” he said; “if you prefer to remain, you can do so. I came to tell you that you can have shelter under my roof if you wish.”

He rode home, and the dancing continued.

But Unozindhow was not yet married. The next morning, before light, she knocked at the kitchen-door of the mission-house. The native girls gave her a warm welcome. They cut off her red crest, gave her soap and water for a bath, and lent her clothes. When the lady came out of her room, she found her tidily dressed, and at work, with the other girls, as quietly as if she had always lived there. She had watched her chance to slip away, while the people were carousing over their beer, and had hidden herself in a large ant-hole. Ants in Africa and India, children, are very different from those we see; there are red ants in plenty, but also large *white* ones, which are exceedingly troublesome. Poor Unozindhow, of course, had a very uncomfortable time, the rest of the night. But she endured it bravely, for the sake of escape.

When the missionary asked her why she did not give open, truthful answers to his inquiries the evening before, she replied, —

“For the reason you said yesterday: I was afraid. And I knew that if they thought I was unwilling to marry, they would watch me closely.”

Her relatives soon discovered where she was. They came to the house, scolded and threatened; and if they could have seized her, would have forced her away. When they found that they failed to frighten her, they coaxed and promised, as before, and begged her to come and speak to them. But they dared not enter the house, and she prudently stayed indoors.

She had learned, by bitter experience, how worthless were their promises, and knew just what she should meet, if she yielded to their persuasion, and returned to them.

For two years she lived in the family of the missionary, and was always faithful and

affectionate. She did her work well, and learned to sew very nicely. Her gratitude to these kind friends, who had succored her in her sore need, inclined her to listen to their religious teaching; and she became a Christian. She knew that it was the spirit of Christ, in their hearts and lives, that had made them loving and merciful to her. After two years she became engaged to a Christian young man; then she went home to dig a garden and raise corn; this is a custom among the Christian natives, and they are allowed to have the products of this labor for their own use after marriage.

She came regularly to church, and often, an hour in an afternoon, to sew or read. She brought with her as many of her companions as she could persuade to come; and she taught her little sister to read.

All her missionary friends assisted her, with pleasure, in preparing her wedding-clothes. She was married in a white muslin dress, and had a good, plain outfit, such as a respectable serving-girl would have in our own country.

She has a kind husband and a happy home. What a contrast to the wretched life from which she was rescued!

THE MAYFLOWER'S STORY.

[Told at the Floral Festival of the Winchester Sunday School.]

I AM, as you know, a little Indian flower, and first saw the light one day in April, way down on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Some people think from my name that I was born in May; but when you hear my story you will see that I got my name from a very different circumstance from that. The first thing I remember about myself is that the little Indian children used to come to the woods to find me almost before the snow melted away. They knelt down on the

ground and pulled away the leaves and twigs until they caught sight of my blossoms, and then tried to see who would carry home to their wigwams the largest and finest bunches.

But one spring day I was awakened from my sleep beneath the dead grass by two voices I had never heard before. After listening awhile, I found they were the voices of a man and woman who had come over to the Indian country in a ship called the Mayflower during the winter while I was asleep. The man was repeating a long story about what they had suffered, and urging the woman to go home with him to England the first chance they could get. They had been almost frozen during the winter, he said; they were nearly starved, and did not know where the next day's dinner would come from. The land was so poor, he declared, no kind of grain would grow upon it; and the Indians, though quiet for a season, would murder them some night in their sleep. So he urged her to go back to England with him.

But she said: "No, we came here to read our Bibles, worship God, and live together as Christians; and I would rather be God's child out here in the wilderness, than go back and live like the people we left behind in England. God who brought us here will not forsake us: He can make the wilderness blossom as the rose." "He can't make *this* wilderness blossom with any thing at all," cried the discontented man. The tears came to her eyes as she heard his wicked words,—I could feel them trickle down to where I was,—and she began to pull the grass away with her hands, not knowing what she did. But as soon as she saw me she cried, "Now God be praised; He has made the wilderness blossom with beauty;" and she plucked me up by the roots, held me to her face and kissed me as if I had been a little child. How long she petted me so, I

cannot remember; but at last I heard the man's voice saying, "May God forgive me for my lack of faith. I will never doubt him again. The fields which can bring forth that beautiful flower will give us all the food we need. God will provide; let us live on here and trust Him."

Then they went back, side by side, to where their comrades were gathered, and introduced me to the whole band of Pilgrims, as they were called. They were all delighted to see me, and after passing me on from hand to hand, as if I had been a precious jewel, asked the woman who discovered me to give me a name. Then said she, "Call it the Mayflower; for the name of the ship which brought us to this shore may well be given to the blossom which brings us so much joy and hope."

So they called me the Mayflower in honor of their ship, and of all the names ever given me I like this the best. That's all the story I have to tell to night.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT WOULD GRANDPA DO?

I've been a naughty little puss,
I've cut the curls that grew
All round my head, my pretty curls;
Now what will Grandpa do?

I went down by the brook to play,
And there I lost my shoe;
I might have fallen in, and then
What would my Grandpa do?

I locked the door, and could not get
The key-thing to undo;
If no one came to let me out,
Oh! what would Grandpa do?

I lost my little pussy cat;
She used to purr and mew.
If it were I, I wonder now
What would my Grandpa do!

I climbed up where the matches are,
I took out one or two.
If I had burned myself all up,
What would my Grandpa do?

I tore my dress that Grandpa likes;
It yesterday was new.
If I can't mend it — Oh, dear me!
What will my Grandpa do?

I saw a little singing bird;
Up to the sky he flew.
If I had wings and flew away,
What would my Grandpa do?

I've got a little picture-book;
The cover, it is blue.
When Grandpa's tired, I read to him,
Or what would Grandpa do?

He calls me Minnie, Grandpa does;
'Tis his pet name, you know.
I would not be another's pet,
Or what would Grandpa do?

He says my hair is made of gold,
His own is white as snow.
I'm sorry that I cut my curls,
For what will Grandpa do?

I would not say a single thing
To him that was not true;
For if I did, I'd hang my head,
And what would Grandpa do?

I'm growing very big, and now
I mean to learn to sew;
And sew his buttons on, or else
What will my Grandpa do?

For I am five years old, they say,
That Charlie is my beau.
I'll *never, never* run away,
Or what would Grandpa do?

Old Cato sits and wags his tail;
He only says *Bow-wow!*
But I can talk the whole day long,
Or what would Grandpa do?

And there's our Daisy, she can't say
A single thing but *Moo*.
I'm glad that I am not a cow,
Or what would Grandpa do?

When we say *Gee!* old Dobbin goes;
He stops when we say *Whoa!*
But I can run up stairs and down,
Or what would Grandpa do?

My pigeons, with their ruffled necks,
I like to hear them coo;
But I can sing some pretty songs,
Or what would Grandpa do?

He knows a secret, Grandpa does;
I must not tell it you;
For if I did, when Christmas comes,
Oh! what would Grandpa do?

The moon is 'way up in the sky;
I s'pose up there she grew;
But I can sit by Grandpa's side,
Or what would Grandpa do?

The Sun wakes up when it is fine,
And then I wake up too;
If I should sleep on rainy days,
Oh! what would Grandpa do?

When Sunday comes, with my best hat,
To church I always go,
And sit as quiet as I can,
Or what would Grandpa do?

I love to go and smell the flowers
When they are wet with dew.
If there were none that I could pick,
What would my Grandpa do?

Sometimes we go to Grandma's grave,
And flowers there we strew;
I sit by him and hold his hand,
Or what would Grandpa do?

If I should die myself, just like
The little girl I knew,
And they should cover me with flowers,
Oh! what would Grandpa do?

BESSIE BENTLY.

SOMETHING in a name. Whittier being asked for an autograph, at once complied by penning:—

"The name is but the shadow, which we find
Too often larger than the man behind."

For The Dayspring.

DELLA'S QUESTION.

ONE day a little pet girl from a neighboring house was following me around while I was doing the usual Saturday's work. She generally esteems it quite a pleasure to come over and see me, and ask questions and have a general chat every Friday night and Saturday following my return from my week's labors; and as she is an interesting little thing, I like to hear her quaint speeches and watch her little womanly ways. Well, this particular day, I had been telling her a story of a late accident described in the weekly papers. I had been telling her of the crowded cars and broken bridge, and a deal more that the paper had told, and happened to say that one man staid on the middle of the broken bridge too long, because he was afraid to trust to the rotten timbers; and, while waiting to listen to the words of those on the shore, the part that he stood upon was carried away, and he was drowned. She is a very timid creature, so I said if he hadn't stopped to get himself too much frightened, he might have gone as safely as the others had gone. "What made him so scared? why hadn't he gone and stood side of his mother?" "The papers didn't say that his mother was there," said I.

The little thing put on a very sober face, and then lowered her voice and said in a sad tone, —

"Why, Aunt! don't you 'spect he had any mother? If he hadn't, I should thought he'd just live's be drowned as not."

There's a good deal in that answer. Many is the poor wandering child who thinks even death is better than a cold world with no mother in it. So, little girl and boy, if you have a mother, care for her tenderly; and go stand beside her when you are in danger, just as Della thought the man should.

Stand beside her when you are tempted to tell an untruth, or to take what is not your own. Go stand beside her when you are where you fear wrong has placed a rotten plank for you to walk upon, one rotted by evil words and deeds. Stand by her and for her as long as you've a mother to live for.

C. D. N.

Two little eyes, loving bright eyes,
Shining and bright, and blue as the skies;
Two little ears to hear all the news,
Two little feet to wear the new shoes;
Two little hands, busy all day,
One little body to get in the way;
One little mouth to give kisses so sweet,
Mamma's little lady, dainty and neat;
With ten little fingers and ten little toes,
And what she'll be good for, nobody knows.

The Child's Paper.

"ERRORS, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

"The first good work
Is that yourself may to yourself be true."

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be called deformed but the unkind."

Puzzles.

17.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In trustful *love*,
We look *above*
For all we *lack*;
And keep our *track*
The way we *ought*,
Our lives *inward*
With good deeds *done*,
As on we *run*.

From each rhyming word a letter take,
And lo! what the young folks like you make.

18

SQUARE WORD.

1. — All children should do.
2. — A large bundle.
3. — A girl's name.
4. — A period of time.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

14. — W atc H
I ncreas E
L oo N
L asca R
I ron Y
A ske W
M irt H
C aracc I
U nguen T
L ytto N
L or E
E nv Y
N abo B
B or E
R ol L
Y aw L
A d O
N e W
T itu S.

William Cullen Bryant.

Henry Whitney Bellows.

15. — Where? Here.

16. — GLAD
LORE
ARMS
DESK.

P. H., Eastport, sends answers to the above, varying two or three words in 14, and to 15 giving, "What? Hat."

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.